

ogri^{sh}mag

ROBERT KENNEDY'S
HEAD WOUNDS
A CASE FOR conspiracy

between the rails
STORIES OF **DEATH**
IN SUBWAYS

PEDRO LOPEZ
monster of the Andes

it was the
best of times
**THE CONCLUSION
OF RAPLH**



CANNIBALISM

the **other, other
white meat !**

Issue #3 - **WARNING:** for 18 years and older ONLY!

IMAGES: SOUTHERN PHILIPPINE REBELLION, SPEED KILLS IN MEXICO, RUSSIAN SHOW-OFF CRUSHED BY TRUCK
BUS VS. TRAM, A SHOT POLICE OFFICER, SICKENINGLY STRANGE SUICIDE, HORSE AND RIDER VS. TRAIN, AND MORE!





Table Of Contents

Articles

FAQ p. 4 ■

Frequently Asked Questions regarding the background of Ogrish and the *Ogrishmag*.

Feedback p. 5 ■

Feedback from Ogrish.com visitors and *Ogrishmag* readers.

Between the Rails p. 6 ■

Stories of death in subway systems around the world.

Laughing it Off p. 10 ■

A pathologist explains the importance of humor in his profession.

Robert Kennedy's Headwounds; A Case for Conspiracy p. 12 ■

A detailed look at the suspicious evidence surrounding the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy.

The Other, Other White Meat p. 16 ■

A detailed look at cannibalism throughout the world.

Pedro Lopez: Monster of the Andes p. 21 ■

South America's most prolific serial killer.

The Conclusion to the Ralph Trilogy p. 22 ■

You've all been waiting for it, and here it is!

Images

Southern Philippine Rebellion p. 24 ■

Philippine officials say 31 people were killed and more than two dozen injured after fierce fighting broke out between government soldiers and Muslim rebels in the southern port city of Zamboanga on November 27, 2001.

Speed Kills: in Mexico p. 26 ■

A speeding driver crashed into a big truck.

Russian Show-Off Flips Truck p. 28 ■

When this driver tried to do a 360-degree spin in his car, he ended up underneath a big truck.

Bus Vs. Tram in Austria p. 30 ■

In Vienna, Austria, a tram and a shuttle bus collided, injuring 17 people and killing two children.

A Shot Philippine Officer p. 32 ■

Sickingly Strange Suicide p. 33 ■

A woman commits suicide after visiting daughter in the hospital.

Horse and Rider Vs. Train p. 34 ■

This equine and its rider weren't paying attention while crossing train tracks.

Decomposing Body in Pakistan p. 37 ■

Stove Explosion Victim p. 38 ■

FAQ

1 What is OgrishMag?

OgrishMag is the official magazine of Ogrish.com. Our goal is to bring some of the uncensored scenes and material that can be found on Ogrish.com to you in a printed version. Just like Ogrish.com, this magazine is meant solely for people 18 years of age and over who can handle shocking and graphic scenes and are looking for an unbiased, real look at the world in which we all live.

2 Where do you guys get all the content?

During the years that Ogrish.com has been around, we have been able to establish a content network. This network consists of more than 50 people from all over the world working in a variety of professions-including law enforcement and medical personnel. In addition to this content network we also receive personal submissions on a daily basis from people who happen to come across certain scenes and capture them on camera. Ogrish owns the copyrights to much of the content that is displayed on the Web site and in this magazine. We often buy this content and go through specific procedures to make sure we are not breaking any privacy laws.

3 Are you guys mentally ill? Why do you make this material available?

No, we are normal, well-educated persons. We do not enjoy looking at this kind of material. We do think that we are offering a service to the world by showing something the regular news will not show. Ogrish does not provide a sugar-coated version of the world. We feel that people are often unaware of what really goes on around us. Everything you see on Ogrish.com and in this magazine is reality, it's part of our life, whether we like it or not. We are publishing this material to give everyone the opportunity to see things as they are so they can come to their own conclusions rather than settling for biased versions of world events as handed out by the mainstream media.

Ogrish.com is hosted and this magazine is printed in the United States and defended by the First Amendment. Everything you see on Ogrish.com and this magazine is about freedom of speech.

4 What does Ogrish mean?

According to older dictionaries "Ogrish" or "Ogreish" has two definitions: 1) a giant or monster in legends and fairy tales that eats humans and 2) a person who is felt to be particularly cruel, brutish or hideous. Basically Ogrish is a metaphor for the society we live in. The monster in the legends represents the dark side of the world: murderers, terrorists, accidents, diseases, etc. This monster is continually hungry and constantly looking for ways to destroy life.

5 Do you make big money with the Web site or this Magazine?

No, in fact, we barely break even and have yet to make any profit with this magazine. People don't often realize how expensive it is to host thousands of videos and images viewed by millions of people each month. We try to compensate the costs by revenue from advertisers.

6 Have you guys ever dealt with legal pressure?

Yes, every now and then we're contacted by individuals, companies or actual government representatives. In the past we've had to deal with the F.B.I., and German and Spanish governments.

7 What does the future hold for Ogrish.com and OgrishMag?

Our goal is to become a respected media outlet for uncensored, unbiased news and articles. This will take considerable time, contacts and funds. We would also like to add much more background and educational value to our content.

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FEEDBACK

NOTE: The feedback below has not been edited

About Premier Magazine

Words cannot express how happy I was upon seeing that my first issue of OgrishMag had been delivered. I read it from front to back and I was quite pleased as how the premier magazine turned out. Everything was perfect. The beheading article was, of course, my favorite. I've seen the beheading videos, but the thought of the excruciating pain these poor souls had never entered my mind. However, now, thanks to OgrishMag, I do have a rough idea as to how bad it is. Of course, I did enjoy your other articles just as much. How did I like the images? They blew my mind apart like some of the insurgents on your site. They were fantastic. The set I enjoyed the most would have to be the images of the burnt newlweds. I will have to agree though, the images were slightly repetitive (except in the case of the burnt newlweds, I could never get enough of them!). I would hope OgrishMag will grow in length. Honestly, forty pages is just not enough to quench my "Ogrish-thirst".

Scum Bags

ur all a bunch of scum bags im going to make it my mission to close u down as a website in the the united kingdom If u have a problem with that i will see u all in court. good men are dieing in iraq and u fucking scum bags U put it on the net. why u showed the world one of my friends getting killed now im going to make sure website is killed forever.

The Way the World Truly is

I've been looking at your site for sometime now and feel it is a good site. A site where folks can go and see the world the way it truly is. Thank you for your help and time. May GOD bless you all and your families and may you all know HIS SON JESUS CHRIST personally, as you cab see from all of the things that are and have happened through out this world, the time of HIS returning is close at hand. Again thank you and GOD bless!

Good Work

it is good to see the real life stuff that the news will never show. thank you!!Awesome magazine by the way!

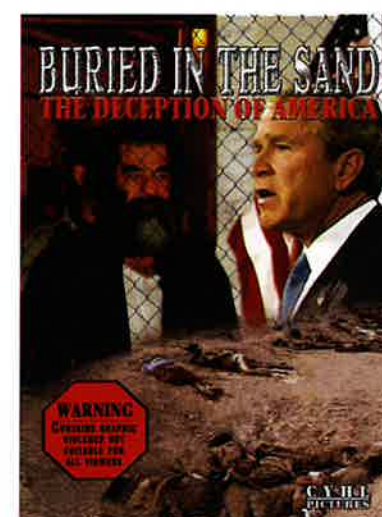
Can you handle Death

I've been a visitor for going on a year. My interest was piqued around the time of the Nick Berg beheading atrocity. I viewed that on your site and was never the same. I think about his terrible end from time to time. It even affected my religious beliefs and I've had to come to terms with that. Then I thought about your slogan, "Can you handle Life." I prefer it to be "Can you handle Death." But it's very profound just the same. Still I return to your site for morbid curiosity I suppose and mostly interest in scientific, medical weirdness. I do not condone animal abuse and I sense that Ogrish does not either. I cannot stand to see an animal being tortured, so I hope that Ogrish could help stop it from happening.

You are really fucked!!!

Sick site, sick people.

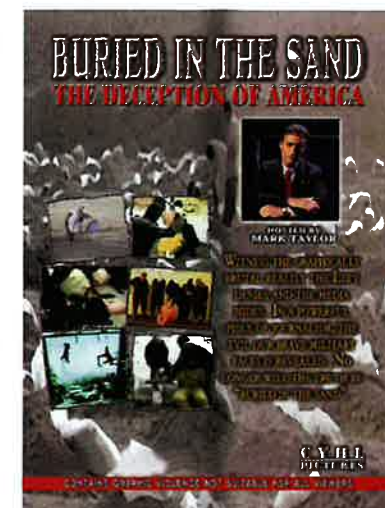
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Witness the graphically brutal reality the Left denies and the media hides. In a powerful piece of journalism, the evil our brave military faces is revealed. No longer will the truth be Buried In The Sand.

"Buried in the Sand directly counters some of the messages contrived by Michael Moore in Fahrenheit 9/11," says Executive Producer Rob Cartee, president of CYHL Pictures in Los Angeles, Calif., which produced the film. "Weapons of mass destruction notwithstanding and regardless of nationality, religion or race, we can not bury our heads in the sand and ignore the type of gross inhumanities that have been committed in Iraq for decades. No matter how horrifying it is to watch, we need to see the truth in its entirety to fully comprehend and acknowledge what is essentially a Middle Eastern holocaust. Without question, it is the moral obligation of all nations in a position to do so to effect change."

www.BuriedInTheSand.com



BETWEEN THE RAILS:

New York City police said it was unclear whether the unidentified victim fell, jumped or was pushed to her death on the evening of November 21st, 2003. All they found was a body lying on the tracks of the 7th Avenue subway line. The 911 call was anonymous, but somebody must have seen something because the incident occurred in the midst of rush hour. Partially obscured remains indicated that the woman may have been hit by a local train and hurled onto the express tracks.

"It was dark and hard to see, but it looked like only a torso," said a 55-year-old witness whose train had stopped while police entered the tunnel with flashlights. "It was lying there between the rails."

Subway fatalities have long played a prominent role in the fabric of big-city anomie.

People go over the edge when the grind of the urban life becomes all too stark, a subject convicted Unabomber, Theodore Kaczynski, wrote about to great lengths.

"The Industrial Revolution has been a disaster for the human race," Kaczynski said. "They have greatly increased the life expectancy of those who live in advanced countries, but they have destabilized society, made life unfulfilling, subjected human beings to indignities...the system may survive or it may break down. If it survives, it may eventually achieve a low level of physical and psychological suffering, but only after passing through a long and very painful period of adjustment...at the cost of permanently reducing human beings...to mere cogs in the social machine."

Ten years ago, what Kaczynski alluded to was an age of modernity in which humans are held at the mercy of civilization's trial and

error, where social experiments frequently go wrong. Today, those symptoms of techno-industrial fare seem ever more present, and by the year 2025 nearly two-thirds of the world's population will be living in urban environments. But if those before Kaczynski ever saw the hazard of the new times, they certainly

measures against platform pushers, subway surfers and suicide jumpers remain a bit more difficult to achieve.

The Mad Pusher

Far worse in the 1980s, the Metro Transit Authority's (MTA) underground system was a caldron for criminality until former Police Commissioner Jack Maple spearheaded a law-and-order revolution that continued into the 1990's with a zero tolerance policy for scofflaws. The results have led to an 80 percent reduction in crime, but with about 10,000 yearly complaints made against police officers for excessive

force.

Safer it may be, but of the more frightening trends to have emerged over the years is the growing threat riders face from subway pushers—people with no apparent motive other than to push their victim onto the tracks just moments before the train pulls in. Statistically, subway pushers are usually homeless and/or mentally ill, as was the case on January 3, 1999 when an unmedicated paranoid schizophrenic named Andrew Goldstein pushed a 32-year-old woman named Kendra Webdale directly into a moving train. Following the subsequent furor it raised over public safety, it was discovered that various hospitals had turned away Goldstein after he'd sought help for his illness.

Despite Maple's revolutionary crackdown some 20 years before, the public health system's failure to offer appropriate state-financed clinic and housing services left the



Drunk Pedestrian Killed by Subway- Body on Autopsy Table

had little at their disposal to imagine the steel-girded behemoths that daily hurtle down the tracks of underground subway lines. A train with more than 600 volts of electricity forges a powerful air current on the tracks. The wind in front of the train can be felt by all waiting rider as it rushes out of the tunnel. With nothing to impede the platform, a lot of things can happen before the train comes to a halt.

With the need for mass transit increasing, more governments will be forced to break ground, as seen in places like Iran where an eight-line metro now offers service to numerous depots around its capitol. While subway horrors assume different forms, the results are usually the same. In New York City, heightened security patrols against terrorism have drastically impacted the level of crime on the platforms, but with a large transportation grid accommodating millions of riders, preventative

STORIES OF DEATH IN SUBWAYS

By Michael Cavallaro

mentally unfit free to roam. It was an infamous way for the MTA to suffer, but after reaching a controversial verdict of second-degree murder in the Goldstein case, a new state legislation was introduced. Under Kendra's Law, court-ordered outpatient treatment would be allowed for people with mental illness. It was a landmark ruling for the health industry, but lost in the aftermath was the fact that the MTA still had a major problem on its hands. That same year, New York City subway trains killed 42 more people.

Policy makers in New York City are often loath to discuss criminality among the homeless. While the city has scores of homeless advocacy groups and collects loads of statistical data, no one really knows how many crimes they commit every year. Three months after the Goldstein incident, New York police shot a man named Charles Stevens eight times after brandishing a sword at commuters in Penn Station. Stevens, who survived the attack, had refused to take his medication for schizophrenia. So had the homeless man who shoved one Edgar Rivera just a month later, whose legs were severed by a rush hour train. But given their background and mental state, subway pushers are normally apprehended—as was the case with Jackson Roman, a 36-year-old homeless man who—following interrogation by police—claimed to have pushed a nurse off the platform because he hated her uniform. Roman's victim survived but lost a foot and suffered a broken neck in the assault.

New York City isn't the only place where the epidemic lives. Since 1978, more than a dozen similar incidents have occurred on the subway platforms in Toronto. On March 5, 2002, a woman shoved onto the tracks had just seconds before she was to be run over by a train. After scrambling to safety under the platform before the train passed, the woman was taken to the hospital for minor injuries. Videotape and eyewitness accounts revealed she had just seconds to move away before it came. The tape also revealed the identity of the attacker, Anna Capra, who was prevented from escape and

later charged with attempted murder. Those who narrowly cheat death are the ones who usually have enough time to move out of the way.

Perhaps the most bizarre story of survival was Internet broker Brandon Crismon, who was standing too close to the edge when an unidentified assailant gave enough of a shove to send him off the Union Square station platform during the morning commute. Crismon probably could have dodged the train by hiding under the platform, but instead reacted by curling up in the two-foot space between the floor and the rails. A small difference between life and death, but enough to keep a train from killing him as it rumbled overhead. Crismon, who suffered a broken leg from the fall, may very well be one of the few living people to have been literally run over by a subway train. He later told authorities of an argument he had in passing with a white male in his thirties. A sketch rendering was posted in the subways but the suspect was never found.

While most people do nothing in the face of a really massive crime, stories of heroism do occur once in a while. Such was the case on the morning of February 9, 2004 when 29-year-old Leah Bianco was body-slammed by a deranged homeless man and left to fend for her life on the tracks while others on the platform only watched. Begging for help, her rescuer, Randy Brown, pulled her up. A small act that was impressive in a city where apathy is as common as graffiti on the wall. Brown eventually went after the pusher but lost him in a sea of people when the subway doors opened to let its riders out.

It's Just a Ride

It's fair to say that none of these victims wanted to end up between the rails, though oddly enough, others do. In a decade of boredom and excess, today's teenagers have become junkies of an adrenaline rush where only the most dangerous games satisfy the urge. For this generation, the sport is called subway surfing, a deadly escapade that involves jumping onto one of New York's many subway

lines, then standing up and riding on top at speeds of up to 40 mph. With dangers too numerous to count, the surfer has no safety harness to absorb the unexpected twists and turns of a dimly lit underground tunnel path, and certainly no second chance if he suffers the ultimate wipeout. According to most, the ideal time for this activity seems to be in the earliest hours of the morning, usually around 4 a.m., when there are few or no guards to report it.

On the streets, this stunt is known as skylarking, and its frequency is more than most would think. According to New York City Transit spokesman Paul Fleuranges, more than one hundred forty five cases were reported as incidents between 2001 and 2003. Neither New York City Transit nor the NYPD keep records on the number of associated deaths.

Skylarking is particularly popular among students who take the subway to school every day. In two fatal accidents that occurred just one month apart, police found 14-year-old Eric Alvarez and 22-year-old Christopher Loughrey fatally injured after both hit structures that knocked them clean off the train. According to friends, Alvarez had reportedly surfed twice before and was even talking about performing even more dangerous tricks. Their account of the accident confirmed his head slamming into a steel cross-beam on the subway tunnel roof. "Pop! You just heard it," said one friend. "Everybody heard that hit." Loughrey suffered the same fate, though his accomplice, 21-year-old Brian Hochstetter of Brooklyn was found between cars, alive but in critical condition. No luckier was Bronx rail surfer Atahualpa Inoa, crushed by the same line, or Ariel Briones who was killed on the tracks after he fell from the roof of a train. Nasad Alesky of Staten Island was critically injured when he hit a beam while surfing in upper Manhattan.

"Most kids do it on a dare," said Cassandra Vellon, one of Alvarez's classmates. "The kids are afraid to say no. They don't want them saying they're a punk."



Decapitated After Jumping under Subway Train

Subterranean Suicide

Clearly, willing participants make these types of situations more difficult for law enforcement to engage. While MTA safety guidelines provide instructions on how to avoid the dangers (namely, standing behind a yellow strip), no mechanisms are in place to prevent those who actively seek it. Every year, roughly 4 percent of suicides occur by moving train, a problem that has prompted New York City officials to discuss the possibility of installing partitions that separate the platform from the track bed. These installations, called "suicide barriers," would only slide open once a train has pulled into the station.

However, in other cities, the number of people who have purposely ended their lives on the tracks is far more common. In London's underground tube, an electronic voice warns its riders to "mind the gap," though a 2002 study on railway safety in England found that about 200 people commit suicide on the country's railways every year, costing the industry about \$300 million, as well as more than 200,000 sick days for its employees who suffer from trauma-related illness. In South Korea, those numbers may soon be reached by the city of Seoul alone. In fact, the problem there has become so rampant that authorities have recently instituted a form of "music therapy" to soften the environment. Between the roar of the trains, the soothing and suggestive sounds of both Simon and Garfunkle's *Bridge Over Troubled*

Waters and Frank Sinatra's *Send in the Clowns* can be heard appealing its harried riders. When the music fades, a supplicant voice over the speakers vocalizes the intent. "Dear passengers, let's think again about the parents and sisters and brothers we love, and the preciousness of life."

Apparently, some aren't taking the hint. Not to be deterred, many of Seoul's suicide jumpers wrap plastic bags around their heads as a sealant from the pleasures of music and words.

"It's how they maintain a resolve to leap in front of an oncoming train," said Park Suk-soon, an official of the Seoul Metropolitan Rapid Transit Corp. "For some reason, the people who don't wear bags sometimes lock their eyes with the drivers in the split second before they are killed." According to Suk-soon, one driver with a history of mental problems did exactly that while throwing himself in front of his colleague's own train.

The Korean epidemic is strange only in that the number of suicides seemed to have suddenly increased for no reason at all. The reason, some argue, may have something to do with what is known as a suicides cluster, meaning an uncommonly high number of suicides occurring over a brief period of time within a restricted geographical area. Introduced in 1974 by American psychologist D.P. Phillips, his explanation of the so-called suicide contagion theorized the notion that trigger mechanisms for local clusters range from both direct experience with sui-

cide to fictitious or genuine stories told by others in the community or in the media. Imitation, reinforced by suggestion, may have an effect. As New York City mulls over the possibility of suicide barriers, South Korea has already begun to act. With a new platform-alert apparatus and electronic signs that read: "Giving up your life will inflict unbearable pain on your family and society!" Perhaps the Koreans have canned the idea of going soft.

In Japan, transit authorities have taken a simpler approach. By installing wall mirrors at the end of each platform, they believe jumpers would change their mind if they saw themselves in the act.

According to statistics, there are roughly 32,000 Japanese suicides per year. Even so, Japan's lack of concern seems strange given its 1995 experience with a gas attack by a terrorist cult that injured more than 5,000 riders.

In Toronto the idea of a suicide barrier presents a grave concern for Toronto Transit Commission (TTC) officials who believe the retrofitted glass would impede the safe evacuation of passengers in the event of an emergency. But that may be of lesser concern to subway operators like Wayne Moore, whose 28-year service to the TTC includes 13 suicides directly in front of his train.

"Other drivers have had it worse," says Moore. "Some guys have seen as many as 25 [suicides] in a 30-year career." In 1999 alone, Moore's train crushed three people. Two were jumpers, but a third suffered a heart attack and fell onto the tracks.

Casual and Careless

According to MTA and TTC authorities, such accidents are not entirely uncommon. In March 2004, 63-year-old Joseph Pierre slipped off the Fulton Street platform in New York City, but survived when he fell into the two-foot trough between the rails. Taken to a hospital, Pierre soon recovered, though his arm was sheered off when the train passed overhead. Less than a month earlier, 19-year-old Lina Villegas was killed while trying to retrieve her mobile phone after it had fallen on the tracks. Witnesses said she was attempting to climb back up when the subway came roaring in. Two men tried pulling Villegas to safety, but the train knocked her from their grasp and crushed her to death. As a result, service was diverted almost two hours, as was the case with Pierre, whose accident held up jurors

on their way to the Martha Stuart trial.

"The safety guidelines we post in the stations and on our Web site are there because we want to keep accidents like this from occurring," said an MTA spokesperson. "Most of the time you can't hear the subway car until it's pulling in at the last moment."

Human nature being what it is, that's easier said than done. Exactly a year later, in February 2005, a woman named Jean Eng was killed trying to retrieve her purse when a train slammed her head-on as fellow riders attempted to save her. The victim had been looking for a pole to fish out the purse before sliding down into the five-foot drop.

Normally, instructions are posted throughout the transit system telling riders to notify a station manager when something is dropped to the tracks, but in most stations there are few or no employees available to help. If you can find one, MTA employees will usually oblige by retrieving the lost item with a makeshift pole, but according to one rider, "A friend of mine dropped something on the tracks once. He asked an MTA employee for help and was told by the guy to get it himself."

Casual attitudes are, however, a symptom among many in the subway. Said another rider, "I was on 86th and Lexington and I was trying to go downtown late at night. So I was on the uptown platform instead,

and being that you can't transfer down downtown, I jumped onto the tracks and walked over to the downtown platform. It was no big deal. It was just like crossing the street."

Waiting for a train at 2 a.m. when the stops become more infrequent can be a wear on people eager to get home. Said one rider in recounting his late night escapades, "I've run from platform to platform, most recently while drunk and bored with friends waiting for a train that was taking too long. In high school we used to write graffiti down there. It's fun but you come out really dirty with black soot from puddles filled with the nastiest water. I had a friend who would play chicken on the L train. If you're smart and careful you can play in the tracks as much as you want. It just takes some practice."

Historically Dangerous

Accidents have long been a part of the MTA's history, particularly in the 1920's when the first underground lines were being dug under the East river from Manhattan to Queens. Tunnel diggers, or sandhogs as they were called, worked under ducts of highly compressed air and were often victims of "blowouts," the effect of a section suddenly squeezing everything under its pressure. In most cases, workers were forced to either escape into "man locks" or die.

More recently, the deaths of two maintenance employees drew protests against the MTA regarding

the security of its track workers. On a cold day in December 2002, a train in Manhattan hit a signal maintenance worker. The next day, a co-worker was fixing the tunnel lights when he was killed the same way. Critics from the Transport Workers Union argue that both deaths could have been prevented with proper safety precautions.

The Underground Trip

From freak accidents to crimes of insanity, the everyday risk of the underground trip is something most commuters would rather not think about. But if the 20th anniversary of the Bernard Goetz subway shooting tells us anything, it's that a lot can happen when you put enough people in one place.

These days, crimes in the subway give cause to a lot of passed-around blame. But it's hard to blame what can't be stopped when people are scrambling for their lives. The sum of its munitions is, after all, what we created. I think of that when I hear of a subway blast in northeast Moscow, or a fire started by a man in Daegu, South Korea, or the midnight rape of an Asian woman down the long passageway of the Canal Street station in New York. Trains don't think. Nor do they murder when you're lucky enough to avoid them.



Another Subway Suicide, 1950's

Laughing It Off

By Andrew Zinger

The power of laughter, or the ability not to take oneself too seriously, has allowed many people to carry on through life relatively unscathed. Death and the elements of death are no different. For an 18-month period in the mid 1990's, I became aware of the power of laughter in one of the most unlikely locations imaginable ... the morgue.

As a youngster, growing up just outside of Toronto, I was interested in pathology and the world of crime. Before ever seeing a dead body, I fondly remember walking the hallways of my junior high school with a book of detailed crime scenes and autopsy photographs. I don't recall exactly how I came to possess this very unique book at such a young age, but I remember the rush of having such strange material in my grasp. To me it was surreal, something so far out of my scope of reality that I thought it was a Hollywood production, make believe even.

My fascination increased when I actually got away from just showing the pictures to people, to where I read the content of the book. Not only was it full of crime scene photos, and brutality in forms of rape, murder and suicide, but it was my first look into the mind of those who piece together not only the bodies afterward, but the story of how the bodies met their final predicament.

To this day, I credit that first taste of death in a pictorial and editorial fashion for shaping my perception of how to deal with such destruction and loss. I recall how I put a somewhat humorous twist on the pictures in that book, and many I have seen since, to help and come to terms with what I've looked at. The value was in how I could comprehend what it was that I was looking at.

Accordingly, my interest in pathology grew, and at the age of 18 I entered university to study medicine. During my second year, I received my co-op placement (the most sought after one, in fact), which was to be at the Credit Valley Hospital, just west of Toronto.

The morgue itself, in the cold and gray underbelly of the hospital, was relatively tiny. The refrigerator had room for four full-sized human bodies and shelf space for babies

(still-born and aborted) and any amputated or lost limbs awaiting pickup or disposal. In comparison, the L.A. County morgue has room for 350 full-sized humans, and is near capacity on any given day. So, since the demand for autopsies was small (usually 50 a year) we had a few other duties. We were the people who informed the doctors on what disease their patient was inflicted with, whether benign or malignant. Very few diagnoses of cancer were made without our input, and therefore we played a significant role in deciding the correct path to be taken for treatment. In addition we did "pickups" for the local funeral home, commonly referred to as "bag 'em and tag 'em."

I was lucky enough to be placed on my co-op with Marc, a very close friend of mine at that time. He was a tall, lanky gentleman, with a quick wit. We were both relatively inexperienced in the world of death (I had been to one closed-casket funeral and Marc hadn't had a death in the family since childhood), so curiosity surrounding the dead was growing.

We were on the job just more than a week when we were called to do our first pickup. In hospitals around the county, a maze of corridors is often used to shield friends and family members in the waiting room from any undue additional stress, allowing for transportation of the dearly departed. Well our nerves were in high gear this particular day. We were called to the long-term care ward to pick up an 87-year-old woman who had lost her battle with breast cancer. Disease ravages the bodies of those who die from cancer; her weight was terribly low and she was ghostly white. Marc and I approached her with the gurney, ready to transport her back downstairs and get her ready for "pickup." Then the words of wisdom from our supervisor came flooding back to memory; he said, "Whatever you do, don't bruise the face." The deceased bruise extremely easy, and with family members hoping for an open casket, you have to be delicate. With that, we picked up the deceased—I was holding at the ankles, Marc had the arms—and on the count of three swung her onto the gurney.

Without engaging the breaks,

old Estelle (not her real name, but she looked like an old Estelle) clipped the gurney with her sagging bottom and sent it halfway across the room. My initial reaction was to drop her ankles and to retrieve her ride, so I did and it was a struggle to keep our laughter down even at such a terrible time. However, we did manage to hoist Estelle back up in one piece and begin our journey downstairs to start the paperwork and inventory of belongings. We were so worried about keeping our little situation in Estelle's room to ourselves that we ventured out into the waiting room with her. Covered from head to toe with hospital-issue sheets, it didn't take a genius to realize that whoever it was under that sheet wasn't going home any time soon. Not surprisingly, those in the waiting room went into a panic, running to check on loved ones on the ward, questioning the front desk and staring at the two heartless people who may or may not have walked by with their relative or friend under the white sheet—hence the need for the corridors.

What I learned that day was how to shield oneself from such a strange "gig." The pathologists we worked alongside taught us valuable lessons regarding dealing with the dead: laughter.

We commonly referred to people outside as "normals." Normals were people that wouldn't survive 10 minutes in our environment—how many people can eat a ham sandwich in front of a corpse getting zipper stitched head to toe?

Humor became a day-to-day therapy session, joking about how "dead it was" in our office, or how they "are dying to get in here."

Marc and I would spend our time going through old files containing details of past residents of our refrigerator, or visiting the closet (a white medicine cabinet) that held cancer specimens such as a breast, a penis, lungs and other pickled treats. We would eagerly await the next call from the emergency room, or one of the wards, in order to go and pick up our next guest. Not that we wished death upon anyone, but each situation would offer so many different angles that it became addictive. Hell, we would stay in touch on our

days off and rush over if something interesting dropped in.

I remember getting a call of a 34-year-old woman with multiple gunshot wounds to the head, and I remember getting excited, not only because murder was so rare, but because we thought there might be a good chance that she may be attractive, and of course naked—a good excuse to go look. So we did, both Marc and I rushed to have a look at our "guest," and there she was: fresh, naked and very dead. There was nothing sexually exciting about it.

The first autopsy I was involved in was a death of natural causes. I was sitting down enjoying a pizza bagel when I was called by the forensic pathologist (those who specialize in autopsies) to see if I may be interested in being a spectator in the morning's autopsy to help determine cause of death.

I quickly agreed to be a spectator and rushed to catch the elevator three floors down. The morgue at Credit Valley is not much different than most across the country, just smaller. When you entered the morgue you stepped into a formal room, white tiles from ceiling to floor, and it was all surprisingly spotless. This is where, in the case of an emergency ward death, you collect and log all personal effects, such as watches and wallets, and manila envelope it for pick up by the next of kin or the funeral home representative. Then it's off to the refrigerator, located on the left side and two rooms to the right; one a shower room, and the other where the autopsy is preformed.

In the case of my first autopsy, I remember few details, other than our "guest" was a female, roughly 60, and significantly overweight. The pathologist performing the autopsy that day was a part-timer named Gregg. He did not fit the classic ideal of a pathologist. In fact, he was young, early 30s, handsome and very lively. This is not to say that he wasn't creepy, I think you need to be a little creepy to be in that profession.

Gregg sometimes had the flare for dramatics, and as I crept past the shower room I saw him sitting up near the head of a corpse, eating a sandwich, slowly rocking to "Big Me" from the Foo Fighters, which was playing on a portable radio. When Gregg noticed me he launched into character and quickly commented on the shape of the corpse, calling her a "fat fuck" and saying that he was afraid eating so close to her

might in fact bring her back from the dead. Well, that was it, a smile ran across my face and the situation changed.

Gregg was a master at making you laugh. He was also a master at being very hands-on when it came to teaching you practical things. Gregg was the first pathologist that I worked with who would take the small intestine out the stomach and stretch it across the room, all in an effort to prove that it recoils perfectly back into position. Gregg would often play practical jokes on the junior assistants and students, like Marc and I. He, and his team of accomplices, on any given day would hide eye balls under the hand drying towels, would put a brain where your sandwich was, and your sandwich in the brain (weight) scale. He kept you on your toes and the mood was light. Again, this was all in an effort to keep our minds off the craziness and sorrow that surrounded us.

By the end of our first session Marc had decided to move into a different area of medicine, a choice that took him to a different hospital. I agreed to stay on and assist for an additional three months. I liked the pace at the hospital, it was busy on the weekend, usually keeping the fridge full, but it allowed me to keep up with my studies.

One of the most memorable cases came through our doors just after Marc departed. I had been assigned a third-year student from a school just outside Buffalo, N.Y. She was an annoying, chatty, round cist named Sarah that clung onto me just about anywhere. My only retreat, apart from the toilets, was the refrigerator. She was very afraid of spending more time in the fridge than absolutely necessary, complaining that it was not only cold, but the dead smelled too much. The smell never bothered me much, so at any given time you could find me in there, a text book laid out on someone's chest, a notepad on another, and I would easily get two hours of quiet, dead quiet. That all changed when I received a call regarding a new visitor that was coming down from emergency, it was a car wreck, a twenty-something female.

While removing the articles from this young lady, Sarah and I came across her key chain, which had been attached through her belt loop. There was a long black cylinder surrounded by three or four keys. As I was removing this cylinder, and along with it the keys, I heard a spraying, hissing sound. The first blast made both Sarah and I cough a

little, and we started to laugh. An intentional spray, and another followed this. Then it became unbearable, the choking, the watery eyes, the entire room was engulfed. We had little idea that we had been intentionally administering pepper spray to ourselves. We spent the afternoon in the emergency room, at our work, getting treated. Imagine trying to explain to hospital staff that you were pepper sprayed with a dead woman's spray.

A lot of death passed through those doors during the brief time I was there, and all were memorable. The ones that I really had difficulty dealing with, and always stayed clear of mocking, were infants. I fondly remember having to re-wrap a still-born due to the fact that the blood was running through the sheet, off the shelf, and on to the floor. That was difficult to do.

I left the field of pathology some years later; in fact I left Canada all together. I was probably afraid that I would be caught engaging in a strange sexual act with a corpse, another thing we had joked about. We had said "all you would need is a hairdryer to blow a little life back into her." On a busy day there was always talk of standing up the corpses in the fridge and picking teams, all in an effort to get enough people for a cage match. This was a dream never realized.

Throughout my time we did nothing to the corpses that would be known by their surviving family members, always keeping in mind those famous words, "don't bruise the face."

Finally, on a serious note, I won't soon forget the memories and the faces. The pathologists and coworkers will always occupy a place in my heart. The way we dealt with the dead, and their means of death, was truly therapeutic. Humor was a shield. To this day, I still can picture the faces of dead without hesitation and in great detail.

Robert Kennedy's Headwounds;

A Case For Conspiracy

By John Hunt

Part 1: Autopsy of the Century

After a struggle lasting nearly 25 hours, Robert Kennedy (RFK) succumbed to the effects of a bullet that crashed through his skull in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968. The accused assassin, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, sits in jail today, having been convicted of first-degree murder by a jury of his peers.

There is no question that Sirhan fired a gun at RFK, whether with malice and forethought or while in a legally incapacitating haze. Yet, as unimaginable as it sounds, the question, "Did Sirhan fire the bullet that actually killed Robert Kennedy?" has never been officially investigated. Nor was the issue litigated during Sirhan's trial, during which his compromised attorney arbitrarily stipulated both to the physical evidence and the prosecution's version of the crime.

Information that has been overlooked for 37 years sheds new light on the RFK assassination, and evidences conspiracy in a way heretofore unappreciated. This first part of a two-part essay explores the entry wound in RFK's head and the round that was supposed to have caused it. In part two, we will examine the bullet fragment recovered during surgery, the size of that fragment as seen in the pre-op x-rays, the troubling way in which it moved through the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) chain of custody, and the bullet fragment recovered during the autopsy which fell off the face of the planet.

To date, the strongest controversies pointing to conspiracy to commit the assassination have centered around two issues: the number of shots fired and Sirhan's position relative to RFK during the shooting. The indications are that at least 9 shots were fired that night, yet Sirhan wielded an 8-shot revolver, which he did not reload. The second main controversy revolves around eyewitness testimony placing Sirhan in a position from which he could not physically have inflicted RFK's wounds. While both issues are of paramount importance to a finding of conspiracy, they are, and will likely remain, irresolvable. This is so for two reasons: the LAPD destroyed crucial physical and photographic evidence shortly after the assassina-

tion, and eyewitness testimony—no matter how powerful and sincere—cannot be considered "proof." Today, however, we can move past those tantalizing possibilities to what I believe amounts to evidence of conspiracy; a round fired from Sirhan's gun could not have caused the wound that actually killed RFK. As inconceivable as it sounds 37 years after the fact, the "proof" comes straight from RFK's autopsy report.

The "Perfect" Post Mortem?

L.A. County Coroner, Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi was an experienced and respected forensic pathologist on the night he conducted RFK's autopsy. His examination and subsequent autopsy report has been touted as the exemplar of a precise, thorough and meticulously documented medico-legal post mortem. Some have even called it the "perfect" autopsy. However, a close inspection of RFK's autopsy report reveals an astonishing fact; Noguchi's description of the head-shot damage actually rules out Sirhan's gun as the offending instrument.

The Gun in Question

RFK had just declared victory in the 1968 California Democratic Presidential Primary and was making his way to a press conference when shots rang out in the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Sirhan, still firing a gun, was wrestled onto a steam table in front of RFK. In addition to Kennedy, five bystanders were hit by gunfire. After a considerable struggle, the gun was recovered by RFK associate, Rafer Johnson who turned it over to the LAPD approximately one hour after the assassination. That gun was a .22 caliber 8-shot Iver-Johnson revolver. Legitimate controversy surrounds the exact model Iver-Johnson recovered that night, but *for the purposes of this essay only*, we will grant that it was the same gun introduced during Sirhan's trial and the same gun that sits in the California State Archives today.

The Ammo in Question

The ammunition "known" to have been fired that night was CCI .22 caliber "mini mag" gilded lead hollow point bullets, which are

design to mushroom on impact. This construction has two advantages over regular ammunition: it imparts maximum kinetic energy into the target, and is less likely to emerge and strike bystander.

A hollow point round, such as that allegedly used to kill RFK, begins to mushroom as it strikes an object. The result is a bullet that presents an enhanced surface area, and thus creates a damage path wider than its original diameter. Ballistic tests conducted by Martin Fackler show that a .22 round 5.5 mm in diameter (or 0.22 inches) left a 9.5 mm permanent wound cavity in ballistic tissue simulant. Other tests have shown similar results—the CCI .22 mini mag round can create a hole and permanent wound tract almost twice its original diameter. The critical question becomes, Do the head wounds suffered by RFK comport with the damage expected from Sirhan's round?

The Wound

A bullet entered RFK's head just behind the right ear and slightly above the level of the ear canal. It shattered and tore through RFK's brain, severing a major blood-carrying "sinus" in its course. Kennedy crumpled to the ground, grievously wounded. Blood leaked into the cranial cavity and poured from the entry wound. The brain began to swell and blood accumulated within the intracranial space, exerting life-threatening pressure on the mid-brain, which controls the involuntary heart and lung functions.

Kennedy was eventually taken to Good Samaritan Hospital, where surgeons incised the scalp and removed a portion of skull bone to facilitate surgery to relieve the pressure and stop the bleeding. Initially, the neurosurgeons' delicate efforts were moderately successful. However, the extent and nature of the damage made the outcome a virtual certainty. Noguchi was quoted in *Newsweek* saying, "The amazing thing is that he lived as long as he did."

Entry Wound Remnants at Autopsy - The Hole in the Scalp

According to Noguchi, "The wound of entry as designated by the [neurosurgeon]" who operated on

Kennedy and attended the autopsy was "more or less evident by inspection of the opposed craniotomy incision" [RFK Autopsy Report, Pg. 5, (AR5)]. Noguchi employed tentative phraseology—*more or less evident by inspection*—to describe the wound. Although he did not expressly so state, the implication is that the original entry perforation in the scalp was not obvious at the time the body arrived in the morgue. If it was evident, why would the neurosurgeon have to designate the bullet hole for the forensic pathologist?

Further on, Dr. Noguchi writes, "the defect *appears to have been* about 0.5 cm in diameter at the skin surface." [AR5] Again the use of tentative language—*appears to have been*—indicates that the original nature of the entrance wound in the skin was not apparent at autopsy. But Noguchi did not come right out and say that. The pathologic effects of missile penetration in skin and tissue have been understood for nearly as long as we've been shooting at one another. Taken in context with Noguchi's experiences in L.A.—a county with no shortage of gunshot homicide victims—it seems reasonable to state as fact that Noguchi knew a bullet entry wound when he saw one. So, did he see one? Unfortunately, Noguchi's tentative language does not help to answer that question.

At the bottom of page 5, under the section titled "Lesions in Detail (Neuropathology)" we find roundabout-style confirmation that little if anything was left of the original bullet entrance wound:

"...about 2 cm above the tip of the mastoid process [bony bump behind the ear]...the anterior [frontward] portion of the skin of the [craniotomy] incision shows a *semi-circular defect said to be a portion of the original bullet entrance wound (according to the surgeons who were present at the examination).*" (Emphasis added.)

Noguchi's report again makes it clear that he himself could not identify an entry wound, attributing such a finding to the operating neurosurgeons.

Yet, in the section of the report detailing interpretations of x-rays of the alleged skin samples, Noguchi wrote that, "[t]wo fragments of the [headshot entrance] wound are present." [AR20]

X-rays of the "wound," we are told, revealed two "fragments" of the entry. According to Noguchi, the surgeons who'd operated on RFK's head and brain were standing over the body and were "consulting" him on the entry wound. [AR5, AR36] How is it, then, that two "fragments" of the entry wound could be definitively detected in an x-ray, but not by visual inspection with several sets of perfectly good eyes?

One of those RFK surgeon/consultants, Henry M. Cuneo, M.D., was shown an autopsy photograph of Robert Kennedy during his testimony at Sirhan's trial. Cuneo was asked, "Would it [the entry wound] be visible there?" Cuneo responded, "No, all that is visible is the discoloration in the back, the soft part of the ear." Cuneo was shown a different autopsy pose and asked, "Do you see there the area of the [headshot] gunshot wound that that you have testified to?" His response left no doubt. Cuneo testified that, "the area of where the gunshot wound has occurred *had been removed* [during surgery]." (One of the photographs shown to Cuneo is reproduced in fig. 1.)



Figure 1

Cuneo reported that the wound of entry had been surgically removed, which is exactly what we would expect. Why is that? Because the damaged skin surrounding the bullet hole would have been removed to prevent infection and to provide fresh, neat surfaces with which to close the wound. This standard surgical technique is called "wound debridement."

The man who operated on RFK testified that the entry hole was removed during ante-mortem surgery. If so, and every indication tells us that is what happened, how can "fragments" of it remain to be seen in an x-ray? How could Noguchi conclude that the entry "appeared" to be 0.5 cm (conveniently, the diameter of the "Sirhan rounds") when nothing remained of the entry?

Entry Wound Remnants at Autopsy - The Skull

According to the autopsy report, a 6 x 5 cm portion of skull had been removed from the back of RFK's head during the emergency craniotomy. [AR6] Dr. Noguchi described what remained of the entry hole in the bone:

"The bullet wound in the skull appears to be located with its anterior [forward] margin 1 cm posterior [behind] the right external auditory meatus [ear canal], 2 cm superior [above] to the tip of the mastoid process [bony bump behind the ear]; *but the original configuration is obscured by the surgical enlargement and by the adjacent craniotomy.*" [AR6] (Emphasis added.)

According to Noguchi, the hole in the bone had been "obscured" by the "surgical enlargement" and was not evident at autopsy. Noguchi's suppressed autopsy diagram, if accurate, demonstrates that the entry hole was not "obscured"—it was *absent* at autopsy. (See fig. 2)

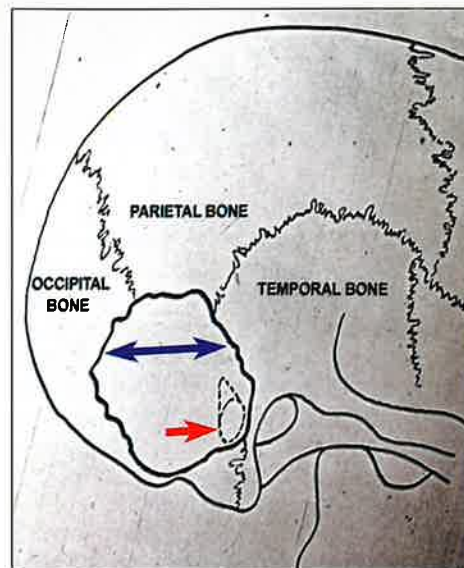


Figure 2

Figure 2 - The surprised "FIG 4 DIAGRAM OF SKULL ILLUSTRATING LOCATION OF PENETRATING WOUND OF BONE (DOTTED LINES) AND THE CRANIOTOMY."

Notice that Noguchi places the entry hole (fig. 2-large dashed ellipse denoted by the red arrow) completely within the circumference of the area of bone removed during the craniotomy (fig. 2-line denoted by blue arrows). If that were the case, the bullet entry could not have been visible on the body because the piece(s) of "craniotomy bone" containing the entry hole were never delivered to the autopsy suite.

The Cranial Bone[s] and the X-rays

The bone[s] removed during the surgical craniotomy were preserved at Good Samaritan Hospital-the same hospital in which RFK died and where his autopsy was performed. Yet the "craniotomy bone(s)" containing the inshoot hole were never delivered to Noguchi during the autopsy. According to the autopsy report, "Surgical Bony Specimen(s)" were examined on June 7, 1968, which was a full day after the autopsy was conducted. Yet nowhere in the report are the "craniotomy bone(s)" identified as such or discussed. Nor is the bullet hole that was supposed to be contained in that specimen identified or commented upon. Why not? Noguchi described being able to see the entry hole in the pre-surgery skull x-rays on page 17 of his report. There, although he gave specific measurements locating the hole with reference to bony landmarks, Noguchi neglected to relate the size of the entry hole. Why? Noguchi knew in 1968 as well as we know today that

the size of the hole speaks to the type of round that could or could not have produced the wound. And yet we find nary a peep about this most critical of determinations in the perfect autopsy's perfect autopsy report.

A Hole in None

No entry hole in the scalp or skull was evident during RFK's autopsy. Yet knowing the size of the entry defect in RFK's head is critical to the issue of Sirhan's culpability for RFK's murder. (The caliber of the bullet fragment said to have been recovered during surgery could not be identified by ballistic experts in 1975.) Consider the following: if the entry hole was the diameter of a pencil and the accused was firing a .45 hollow point, you know you have a problem, for it is physically impossible for a .45 to make a hole that small. The problem we find in the RFK case is the same, yet the converse.

Sirhan's Round and the Damage

On page 9 of the autopsy report Noguchi finally gives us the size of the entry hole. But he only does so by inference while describing damage to the brain:

"In the anterior [front] lateral [side] aspects of the right hemisphere of the cerebellum, there is an irregular penetrating wound. The opening measures 2 by 2 cm with irregular margins. The margins of this wound and adjacent areas are elevated to form a ring of tissue at the bone margin, 2 mm distal to the internal bone surface. This indicates herniation of the cerebellum tissue into the bony defect."

Earlier, Noguchi related that only a small portion (if any) of the bullet hole in the skull was evident. Here, he described the dimensions of the original size of the skull defect by direct inference; swelling of the brain forced the cerebellum to press outward against the skull. As the cerebellar tissue expanded, its edges pushed outward through the only point at which the tissue could pass beyond the skull-the original bullet entry hole-forming what would be akin to the rim of a volcano. Thus, the 2 x 2 cm rim of raised tissue (and the 2 x 2 cm wound tract in the cerebellum) tells us that the original entry hole was 2 x 2 cm. Therein lays the problem. Figure 3 below, shows a scale representation of a 2 cm bullet hole in the skull and the diameter of a .22 caliber CCI bullet



Figure 3

Figure 3.

The difference in diameter between the bullet and bullet hole is substantial. Recall that Sirhan fired .22 mini-mag hollow point rounds designed to mushroom on impact. The question becomes, could a .22 round have mushroomed enough to create a 2 cm wide hole?

Figure 4 shows the mushrooming effect of .22 slugs (the CCI mini-mags are second from the left).



Figure 4

Figure 4. Un-credited photo taken from the internet.

Intuition and knowledge acquired during my investigation of the medical and ballistic aspects of

the JFK assassination made me dubious about the wound/ammunition combination. It was while looking for a gunsmith who could remove the slug from my .22 CCI round that I ran across retired forensic expert, Robert Pacheco. As it turned out, he lived less than 20 minutes from my house. I telephoned Pacheco, who listened to my information. He was intrigued and we made arrangements to meet that afternoon. At his Sporting Goods store, I explained the 2 x 2 cm entry bullet hole in the skull and the particular round credited with having created the wound. I did not inform him of the victim's identity, and Pacheco did not ask. I laid out the scale representations reproduced in this essay, and those used in Part 2. I asked him if a round 0.22" in diameter (5.5 mm) could create a 2 cm (20 mm) entry hole. He said, "No way. Absolutely not." We discussed the entry hole vs. the damage expected from various types of rounds for about an hour. Pacheco said that he would expect a hole of that size to be created by a .32 caliber round at a minimum, but more likely a .38 Hydrashock. (See fig. 5)



Figure 5

Figure 5 - A variety of rounds including the supposed ammunition in the center of the recreated bone hole.

At the end of our conversation, Pacheco finally asked, "OK. So who's the victim?"

"Robert Kennedy," I said.

Pacheco flashed a wide, pearlescent smile thus beginning the second hour of our conversation.

I also contacted a well known forensic pathologist who was aware of my work on the JFK assassination. It was known to me that Dr. Burris (a pseudonym) had been friendly with Noguchi for many years. Without informing him that we were discussing the RFK assassination particulars, I asked Burris if he'd ever seen a .22 hollow-point create a 2 cm entry hole in skull bone. Without hesitation he said, "No." I asked what him what would be his response if told that a .22 was supposed to have made such a hole. He said .22s simply do not create entry holes that big. "A one centimeter hole, maybe. But not two centimeters, no," he said. Figure 5 shows the bone hole (white circle), the intact .22 CCI round (red circle) and a slightly over-exaggerated maximum diameter for the mushroomed CCI round (green circle).



Figure 6

Figure 6 - The wound and round

I related that the information we just discussed came straight from RFK's autopsy report. Dr. Burris became very quiet. I knew the pathologist was quite familiar with the circumstances surrounding the RFK assassination. He asked incredulously, "Are you telling me that you think you've come up with something new that everyone investigating the case has missed for 37 years?"

"Yes," I responded modestly,

"that is what I'm telling you." I offered to send him a brief write-up (which evolved into this essay) and he agreed to read it. Shortly thereafter I received a response in the mail. Dr. Burris did not comment at all on what I'd written. What could he do but put in black and white what he'd already told me over the phone. But to do that would be to speak unkindly of Noguchi's autopsy, which he has publicly lauded for years. To admit the obvious would also be tantamount to admitting something potentially embarrassing-something I only realized after I talked to him; Dr. Burris had reviewed the autopsy report for Noguchi in 1968. Buried on page 37 of the 62-page autopsy report under the section titled, "Advisors Not Present At Autopsy," we find Dr. Burris' name.

I asked Burris if he would forward the essay to Noguchi. He said he would, but speculated that Noguchi was not likely to respond, which came as no surprise. If Burris sent the essay along, and I have no reason to doubt his word, Noguchi chose to remain silent.

Dr. Burris, Pacheco and a second renowned ballistics expert who commented blindly on the evi-

dence all say the same thing: Even taking into account the mushrooming effect, a .22 caliber CCI mini-mag round could not have created the entry hole as described in the autopsy report. If it did not, if it could not, then Sirhan Sirhan did not kill Robert Kennedy. Whatever crimes Sirhan may have committed that fateful night 37 years ago, I am convinced murder was not among them.

The Other, Other White Meat

By David S. Duncan

In *OgrishMag* issue 2, we discussed the more obvious methods of human body disposal. You can burn it, bury it, feed it to the hogs and in some cases leave it where it lies. All, however, are wasteful methods of body disposal. In the time-honored tradition of our Neanderthal forebears we can simply eat, and with proper preparation, share, or sell the bounty wrought by our foul deed. No polluting fire, no wasted nutrition, recycling at its best.

I speak, of course, of cannibalism, a practice that spans continents and centuries. The consumption of our fellow man exists today as it has existed for hundreds of thousands of years. Motivations may vary, but thou shall consume thy neighbor. Who are we to deny our heritage? Cousin or brother, husband or wife, friend or foe; the custom has survived the ages.

Cannibalism includes, and in some cases is restricted to, the eating of our loved ones. Cultures throughout the ages have "loved" their dead long after the soul has departed; keep them close, as bones on the mantelpiece, or protein on the ribs. I speak not merely of de-fleshing the bones of your loved ones, but of the actual consumption of their earthly remains. Why destroy what God has so willingly provided? Is not the soul separate from the flesh?

Would you deny a free meal? Do you believe cannibalism to be a vicious tribal ritual unfit for modern man? Would you deny yourself when your fellow man is the only thing that stands between your life and death?

North Korean Special

In North Korea, Chinese and United Nations (U.N.) investigators have gathered evidence clearly indicating that not only has cannibalism been accepted in the famine-ravaged country, it has become a part of the economy, tacitly accepted, with many a blind eye turned.

The current famine, while not as widely publicized as the 1995-97 disaster, is just as brutal and just as damaging. Children have been seized, butchered and laid out on straw mats for sale at the local farmer's markets. The U.N., citing reports of cannibalism, has been consistently denied access to mar-

kets with "security reasons" cited as the basis for refusal. Escaped informants from the earlier famine reported that "pieces of 'special' meat are displayed ... for sale. People know where they came from, but they don't talk about it."

Lee Min Bok reported that a woman was so hungry that she ate her own newborn, and siblings ate each other in order to survive.

A government clerk, Lee even reported, "When one is hungry, one can go crazy ... I can't condemn cannibalism. We were so hungry ... it was common that people went to a fresh grave and dug up the body to eat meat."

With constant drought, flooding, a horrendously inefficient government, and the reduction in food aid (thanks in part to the current United States/North Korea spat over nuclear weapons), it appears that "special meat" will remain an item on the dinner table and a fixture at the North Korean farmer's markets for

said.

Claux may have been speaking about beef to the local butcher, but in practice he was referring to the human flesh that he carved off the corpses available to him as a mortuary assistant. As he closed the cadavers a slice or two would find itself firmly clamped between his incisors, a treat for a modern day cannibal. To Claux, the taste of the time-seasoned bodies was like tartar steak or carpaccio.

The one thrill that evaded Claux was the separation of meat from a fresh kill. Claux did manage to kill one victim, but bolted before carving the body up. In that regard, Japanese citizen, Issei Sagawa, exposes Claux as a rank amateur. Mere strips of flesh were not enough for the self-proclaimed "Godfather of Cannibalism." Sagawa wanted to taste it all.

Without a handy mortuary job to rely on for his supply of flesh, this godfather had to choose a target for

courtship concluded (a simple bullet to the brain stem), Sagawa knifed a few small pieces free, but then decided to go at it the old fashioned way, teeth first, in the raw. Gnawing at her rump—described by many cannibals as the best cut—he found the going more difficult than he had imagined and resorted to cold steel cutlery. Distaining the old fashion single blade, Sagawa broke out every modern cannibal's must-have gadget; the electric carving knife. Selecting a choice cut, he transferred a small piece to his tongue. In describing the sensation, he said it melted in his mouth like raw tuna sushi.

Sagawa continued to sample various portions, including that smooth white arm, and found that the meat was surprisingly tasty. Adventuresome soul that he was, Sagawa carved out the anus and tried it raw and fried. Finally, something not even he could eat, the smell was too much.

After cooking up one of his victim's breasts, Sagawa found it too greasy to consume. This finding corresponds with Claux's report, who related that "there (is) no good meat in the breasts, only fats."

Choice is the difference between Sagawa, Claux and the Korean cannibals. However, even the Koreans noted that human flesh tasted good.

More Asian Delicacies

Survival cannibalism, as practiced by the Koreans, is nothing new. Russia has seen more than its share of famine-induced, two-legged meat eating. Napoleon's path of retreat from Moscow in 1812 was lined with the stripped bones of friend and foe. The army fought their way in and ate their way out. Recent evacuations of mass graves indicate that, with plenty of "food" lying around, Nappy's troops died from disease and cold, not necessarily from lack of supplies.

In the Ukraine, over 6 million people died during the famine of the early 1930s. A similar outbreak of famine and cannibalism occurred in 1960s China. At Leningrad, surrounded by Hitler's Third Reich, cannibalism was a common occurrence. Leningrad survivor Lyubor Polovna related that, "Of course [cannibalism] is terrible, but, you know, I can tell you, I was glad to eat [and] some were forced to eat relatives, that or die themselves."

Constant famine in China, in the late 1800s resulted in open-market cannibalism. As in North Korea, "spe-

cial" meat was openly displayed.

Confessions of an American Cannibal

Albert Fish, a homegrown American cannibal, interested in only the finer things in life, related how good food doesn't always walk on four legs. After killing a young girl named Gracie Budd, Fish devoured her. Not content to leave well enough alone, our ever courteous killer wrote to her family to relay the news:

In 1894 a friend of mine shipped as a deck hand on the Steamer Tacoma, Capt. John Davis. They sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong China. On arriving there he and two others went ashore and got drunk. When they returned the boat was gone.

At that time there was famine in China. Meat of any kind was from \$1 to 3 Dollars a pound. So great was the suffering among the very poor that all children under 12 were sold for food in order to keep others from starving. A boy or girl under 14 was not safe in the street. You could go in any shop and ask for...meat. Part of the naked body of a boy or girl would be brought out and just what you wanted cut from it. A boy or girls' behind which is the sweetest part of the body and sold as veal cutlet brought the highest price.

John staid there so long he acquired a taste for human flesh. On his return to N.Y. he stole two boys one 7 one 11. Took them to his home stripped them naked tied them in a closet. Then burned everything they had on. Several times every day and night he spanked them...to make their meat good and tender.

First he killed the 11 year old boy, because he had the fattest ass and of course the most meat on it...He was roasted in the oven, boiled, broiled, fried and stewed. The little boy was next, went the same way. At that time, I was living at 409 E 100 St...He told me so often how good Human flesh was I made up my mind to taste it.

On Sunday...I called on you at 406 W 15 St...We had lunch. Grace sat in my lap and kissed me. I made up my mind to eat her.

On the pretense of taking

her to a party. You said Yes she could go. I took her to an empty house in Westchester I had already picked out. When we got there, I told her to remain outside. She picked wild-flowers. I went upstairs and stripped all my clothes off. I knew if I did not I would get her blood on them.

When all was ready I went to the window and called her. Then I hid in a closet until she was in the room. When she saw me all naked she began to cry and tried to run down the stairs. I grabbed her and she said she would tell her mamma.

First I stripped her naked. How she did kick...bite and scratch. I choked her to death, then cut her in small pieces so I could take my meat to my rooms. Cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body."

One would have hoped that poor Gracie was Fish's only victim, but sadly, after his capture, he provided an even more chilling confession concerning a child named Billy Gaffney.

I brought him to the Riker Ave. dumps. There is a house that stands alone...Stripped him naked and tied his hands and feet and gagged him with a piece of dirty rag I picked out of the dump. Then I burned his clothes. Threw his shoes in the dump. Then I walked back and took the trolley to 59 St. at 2 A.M. and walked from there home. Next day about 2 P.M., I took tools, a good heavy cat-of-nine tails. Home made. Short handle. Cut one of my belts in half, slit these halves in six strips about 8 inches long. I whipped his bare behind till the blood ran from his legs. I cut off his ears...slit his mouth from ear to ear. Gouged out his eyes. He was dead then. I stuck the knife in his belly and held my mouth to his body and drank his blood...I came home with my meat. I had the front of his body I liked best. His monkey and pee-wees and a nice little fat behind to roast in the oven and eat. I made a stew out of his ears...nose...pieces of his face and belly. I put onions, carrots, turnips, celery, salt and pepper. It was good. Then I



Fake Cannibalism Image, part of Shanghai art exhibit. Baby constructed by placing a dolls head on a duck's carcass

some time to come.

Murder for Meat

Digging up dead bodies may seem off putting to some but *OgrishMag* issue 1 contributor Nicolas Claux took to quizzing professionals.

"I talked with a butcher once who told me that meat is better three or four days after death," he

his cannibalistic cravings. He picked 25-year-old Renee Hartevelt, a woman who captivated him so much that he could not stop thinking about the white skin of her arms. She was a beauty by any standard and smooth white skin was merely the package. Sagawa could hardly wait to unwrap his new found prize to explore the mysteries hidden beneath that alluring exterior.

With the preliminaries of

split the cheeks of his behind open, cut off his monkey and pee-wees and washed them first. I put strips of bacon on each cheek of his behind and put them in the oven. Then I picked 4 onions and when the meat had roasted about 1/4 hour, I poured about a pint of water over it for gravy and put in the onions. At frequent intervals I basted his behind with a wooden spoon. So the meat would be nice and juicy. In about 2 hours, it was nice and brown, cooked through. I never ate any roast turkey that tasted half as good as his sweet fat little behind..."

Cannibals for Christ

Apparently all of our cannibals enjoyed the taste of that forbidden meat, some more than others. An even more complete, and compelling, description of that taste is provided by the survivors of a plane crash in the Andes mountain range. They described the meat as "softer than beef with much the same taste."

In 1972 a collection of Uruguayan rugby players, friends and families attempted to cross the Andes Mountains of South America by turboprop. Not having enough power to fly over the mountains, the plane had to pass between them. The pilots misjudged their location and slammed into the mountainside, well above the snowline. Of the 45 passengers, only 16 survived until rescue. Almost half were killed on impact. With no provisions, and no

way to procure any, the survivors were forced to dine upon their dead companions.

During their ordeal, the point was reached where a difficult decision had to be made. Eat the gift offered by God, in the form of their fellow traveler's bodies, or face slow starvation in the barren, snow-covered mountains. Like the French and Russians before them, and the Koreans afterward, the rugby players chose life. Their decision was rooted in their deeply held Roman Catholic beliefs, a decision not easily reached.

In that dualistic Roman Catholic belief system, where the body is separate from the soul, death is but an escape, an entryway to immortality, a resurrection into heavenly glory (or fiery hell). To many Christians, the body is merely a shell, an empty husk and prison, built merely to house the soul until God calls the believer home. But God did not call the survivors home. Encircled by the familiar dead, and now, with death familiar, their own horrible end was fast approaching.

Religion was their saving grace. Christianity, when viewed from without, is, in itself, a cannibalistic religion. Jesus shared his body, in communion with all his followers stating that, "He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood abides in me, and I in him." As survivor Pancho Delgado so eloquently put it:

When the moment came when we did not have any more food, or anything of that kind, we thought to ourselves that if Jesus at His last supper had

shared his flesh and blood with His apostles, then it was a sign to us that we should do the same...take the flesh and blood as an intimate communion between us all. It was this that helped us to survive.

In a way, the survivors were lucky, they had merely to enjoy the bounty provided them, no need for any messy murders or cries of fear and pain. Yet, survival cannibalism often calls for that most evil crime, the harvesting of human flesh, alive and aware.

Dining at Sea

With the discovery of the New World, ships began plying the seelanes between nations and a new phenomenon appeared, "white man" cannibalism. Cast adrift far at sea, shipwreck survivors often only had themselves to rely upon for sustenance. Needless to say, the cabin boy was often the first to go.

When the yacht *Mignonette* foundered off the west coast of Africa, four of the crew reached the safety of the lifeboat and faced the gruesome task of dying slowly at sea. Captain Dudley took it upon himself to pick the sacrificial lamb. His choice was Richard Parks the cabin boy. Parks would pay dearly for the duration of the crew's journey to safe harbor.

On the sixteenth day of the voyage, rather than allow the poor boy to finish his sleep, Captain Dudley gave him a shake, looked him in the eye and said, "Wake up Dick, my boy, your time has come."

What a horrible way to be awakened.

Due to the acceptance of high-seas cannibalism—the "Custom of the Sea"—Captain Dudley spent only six months behind bars.

Strangely enough, Edgar Allen Poe, in "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon," described a similar fate and cabin boy by the same name, Richard Parks.

Wars and Legal Matters

Most societies that we think of as cannibalistic don't murder people simply for food. Rather, for survival, the Dani Tribe of New Guinea practice a ritualistic/warfare type of human butchery. Victims are gathered on the battlefield, carted off to the nearest hill, and ritualistically eaten in full view of the offending tribe. Revenge and power are the motives in such feasts. The Dani do, however, admit to liking the taste, which they describe in terms of pork

products.

In present day Liberia, fear is the motivating factor. Explaining a gruesome pile of skulls to a western



Hatian men cut and prepare to eat pieces of flesh from charred body of a Tonton Macoute- a member of a private Hatian death squad- that they have just burned in a public square. (preparation shown here)

visitor, one of the fighters admitted, "We ate people ... not because we were hungry, but because we were scared, and to eat your enemy makes you strong." They had reason to be scared and each side did its best to instill fear in the other. Pregnant women were often stopped and bets placed on the sex of their unborn children. The fighters would then proceed to slice open the expectant mothers to see who'd won.

Recently ousted Liberian president Charles Taylor was accused of practicing cannibalism by Stephen Ellis in *The Mask of Anarchy*. Taylor became so enraged that he filed suit in England for Ellis' libel, only to withdraw the suit in 2001. Cannibalism and libel suits are nothing new in the world of jurisprudence.

Captain Cook was one of the early doubters of the cannibal stories being bandied about the Pacific seas. Cook decided to put the matter to the test. Calling upon some cannibals in New Zealand, Cook examined a sun-dried human head brought aboard, apparently, for trade. Cook had some strips cut from the head and offered them to the native. "Greedily devoured" might be too strong a phrase, but Cook got the message and helped confirm the existence of genuine cannibals in the area.

Many years later, Cook himself

became the subject of a cannibal lawsuit. Apparently Cook, while confirming the existence of cannibals, forgot to keep the proper distance and was himself devoured by the Maui Tribe. An old chief of that same tribe was sued for defamation of character. The chief claimed to have eaten Cook's big toe. The case was later dismissed for "lack of evidence" which is, of course, the entire point when it comes to human body disposal.

While Taylor denied dining on higher life forms and the old chief bragged, rebel fighters in the Congo continue to sit back, munch away and let the cameras roll. The U.N. does have forces in the area, but apparently their mandate doesn't include interfering in quaint local customs, such



Pieces of the burned body of the Tonton Macoute eaten.

as eating your local pygmy.

Congolese Minister Kikaya Bin Karubi complained to the U.N. about its lack of effort and mandate. He wanted real troops, not just observers. "As an observer mission [all they are] observing [is] people eating people."

Sinafasi Makelo, a Mbuti pygmy representative, complained to the U.N. that "[We] are being pursued in the forests, people have been eaten." Apparently the Congo rebels

believe that, if eaten, pygmies confer magical powers and taste good.

Capitalist Cannibals

Survival, fear, war, curiosity, magic, taste; what else is there? Russia has it all and more, no famine needed. Russia is by far the cannibal capital of the modern world. Consumption and sale of body parts are increasing at an alarming rate. Capitalist cannibalism at its finest. Bush was right, democracy does bring people closer together.

Ishat Kusikov is, in a way, Russia's answer to France's Nicolas Claux. Like Claux, Kusikov attempted to gain employment as a mortuary assistant. Unlike Claux, he was never hired and was forced to obtain his body parts on the open market. Murder is cheap; that's the route he took. When finally captured, police officers discovered a set of legs and arms by the front door and a stack of meat-kabobs on the outdoor grill, ready to go.

Russian police estimate that at least 30 people a year are eaten in Russia, claiming that homeless people kill each other and sell the flesh. "Every month we find corpses with missing body parts," a Russian officer said.

In Kemerovo, a man admitted using his friend to fill up his home-

made *pelmeni* (ravioli) which he sold at the local market.

In Pern Oblast, police found that meat sold in the local market was the two-footed variety when a buyer noticed human skin still attached. Anatoly Dolbyshev was arrested in Berezniki when human skin was found on meat he had been trading for vodka. (Note to Russian meat peddlers: Wait till *after* you've skinned the body before you start drinking; makes those tell-tale strips



Deceased Nun Eaten By Fellow Nuns During Religious Ritual

of skin easier to spot.)

Prison Food Sucks

When U.S. prisons are overcrowded, we open the doors and say a prayer. Many an American election has been lost when a released convict runs amok amongst the citizenry.

For the Russian prisoner however, there is often no chance for early release. Some inmates feel compelled to take matters into their own hands and lower the prison population one bite at a time. More than a few inmates have blamed murder and cannibalism on hunger and overcrowding within the Russian prison system.

Andrei Maslich throttled his cellmate, carved out his liver, and boiled it in a cup. Mr. Maslich's patriotic stand on prison overcrowding was a bit extreme, since he killed his only cellmate; apparently his mother didn't teach him to share.

Citizens housed at Semipalatinsk Prison were stacked four to a cell; a classic example of prison overcrowding. When management chose to add one more, a group of inmates decided to reduce the population by eating the next new guy that came along. They promptly boiled and fried their newest cellmate; overcrowding was reduced by one and the patriots ate their fill, an all around win-win situation.

North Korean prisons, notoriously brutal, appear to be in much worse shape.

Kang Chul Hwan, jailed for 10 years from the age of nine, has stated that in prison, children simply disappeared. Lee Min Bok complained that there were thousands of lice all over his body and compared the prisons of North Korea to Hitler's WWII concentration camps. One former North Korean guard reported that the prisoners looked like beasts with sunken eyes, like a skull and unfocused and fearful.

Like their Korean counterparts, Hitler's camps were mini-hells in and of themselves. With inmate papers stamped with phrases such as "Vernichtung durch arbeit" (extermination by work) and "Rückkehr unerwünscht" (return not desired), survival was entirely up to the individual prisoner lucky enough to avoid outright execution. SS Hauptsturmführer Josef Kramer did not help matters much when, in response to rampant diarrhea among the prisoners, he ordered the ever-popular starvation cure, "If you don't eat, you don't shit." After the war, Herr Hauptsturmführer was promptly executed.

cuted.

Yehuda Bacon, as a child, was arrested and sent to the Auschwitz concentration camp where he witnessed cannibalism first-hand. Bacon's childhood prison papers bore a stamp indicating Sonderbehandlung—"special treatment for six months." His own "special" stamp; he was to "be dead" at the end of six months. Bacon miraculously survived beyond his "special treatment" time and recorded his observations of camp life for posterity.

I asked the people who worked in the crematoria as prisoners what [cannibalism] was and they explained it to me. But the people from the crematoria had told me a story they didn't want to tell. "Why do you need it? Nobody will be able to come out of here." But I told them, "You never know, maybe one day I will be free and I will tell about you."

Yehuda Bacon survived the war and told what he saw. Clearly, the smell of roasting meat was too much for the crematoria operators to resist. Nazi cremation practices included the recommendation that one healthy body be burned, along with two starved ones. The healthy body ensured a supply of fat to feed the fire and keep down fuel costs. Thus, "good" meat was available for the taking.

Moshe Peer spent his time at the Bergen-Belsen camp and confirmed that yet another Nazi prison experienced famine-induced cannibalism. Peer explained that there were pieces of corpses lay around and some people went mad with hunger and turned to cannibalism. Famine conditions appear to almost guarantee the consumption of our fellow man.

England's "Special" Meat Market

France, Germany, Russia, China, Africa, Korea, New Guinea, the United States; Who have we missed? Ah, the English. Well, we do have them for that "Custom of the Sea" thing, but that has been labeled "acceptable," if heartless, cannibalism. Reports have been filtering in about a new human import business, bodies in whole or part, into England proper. To be fair, some British citizens blame the illegal meat trade on recent immigrants. Body parts have been found, but the police seem to have things under control. However, it might be a good idea to avoid the *pelmeni* at the local farmer's market.

You never know where (or who) it's been. Still, we can't let the Brits off too easily. Jump back a couple of thousand years to the Roman occupation.

Like any good conquering army of antiquity, the Romans accused the Celtic tribes, among others, of eating the Roman dead. For years, and with a stiff upper lip, the British denied such outlandish accusations. Nothing could be proven, and for years the "myth of innocence" held before the test of time.

But time is what Archeologists work with and the staff at Bristol University recently uncovered irrefutable proof that the Celts did in fact eat Romans. The find is in a cave located in South Gloucestershire. The evidence not only supports the Roman's centuries old cannibalism charge, it sheds light on the enormity of the Celtic appetite. Early signs indicate the site represents the remains of one large feast, involving approximately 50 individuals.

Keep on Eating

Reports of "special" meat sales, pygmy hunting and human feasts may challenge the imagination, but no more than the grim fact of cannibalism itself. Despite mounting indications that mankind has consumed its own for thousands of years, many noted personages deny the evidence. Anthropologist William Arens, of Stony Brook University offers for our consumption *The Man Eating Myth* (1979). According to Arens, there existed only isolated cannibalism, if it took place at all.

Contrary to Arens' assertions, feasting on human meat is not as unusual as we would like to believe. It seems clear that wherever famine exists, cannibalism is sure to follow, no matter the country or culture. As shown by the Andean plane crash survivors, even the most devout will contemplate, and practice, the unthinkable. Indeed, to ignore food immediately at hand may be viewed as a rebellion against one's own religion, since God joined the body and soul and alone possesses the authority to separate the two.

Keep in mind, there are numerous examples of fossilized Neanderthal excrement, containing human protein compounds. Those human proteins would not be there without great grandpa gnawing on a human leg bone or two. All the latest archeological evidence points to an ageless legacy of cannibalism, a legacy we will not soon outgrow.

Pedro Lopez: Monster of the Andes

By George Ilkich



Among the most vicious killers in human history Pedro Lopez remains unique and without equal thanks to his notorious two-year killing spree. During this relatively short time, Lopez allegedly killed over 300 girls, aged from six to 13.

Born in 1949 in Colombia to a street prostitute who mothered 13 children, Lopez was left homeless shortly after his eighth birthday. Over the next 10 years, Lopez was in and out of prison and already had the taste for murder, killing thugs he accused of raping him.

Upon his release from custody, he immediately began the systematic killing of girls throughout Peru, Colombia and Ecuador. After his first series of murders (alleged to include more than 100 victims), he was captured by locals and was to receive a slow death. However, intervention by a religious missionary saved his life and he was released soon after.

Lopez went on with his death spree and over the course of the next 20 months killed more than 200 young girls.

There are several points one has to realize while studying the personality of Lopez. What makes this type of individual extremely dangerous is the fact that he killed for reasons we try not to believe actually

exist.

1) He was the son of a prostitute, abused as a child and street-wise and on-his-own by the time he was eight years old. By 18, he had killed this is surely the recipe for mental instability. There have prior to, and since, been convicted serial killers who have had similar upbringings but were not nearly as vicious as Lopez.

2) He killed all his victims within a relatively short time. Lopez took the life of a young girl every two or three days for two full years. What is even more gruesome is that he likely killed six or seven girls within a few hours and then took a "few days off." This type of reckless killing and haphazard method is enough to make us understand that Lopez was a killing machine, incapable of even momentarily realizing the true extent of his actions.

3) After his capture for the multiple murders, Lopez often spoke of the "...feelings he had before, during and after the killings." Lopez claimed his victims were as satisfied as he was, although the excitement they shared was of a different nature. Law enforcement officers are unanimous in stating that this type of madman is often the most difficult to apprehend, due to his ability to blend into the "chaos." Lopez' taste for excitement and murder was predatory, and his instincts were at the same acute level. In fact, upon capture, Lopez admitted that he would inevitably kill again if he was released.

In 1980, a flash flood in Ecuador unearthed the remains of four young girls, and authorities suspected foul play. At almost the same time, Lopez was caught by locals after he tried to abduct a 12-year-old girl. Once in custody, police used a priest to gain the trust of Lopez, who eventually admitted many of his crimes. In an "act of good faith," Lopez took the police to over 80 sites he alleged contained the remains of some of his victims. Upon investigation, police found the remains of more than 50 girls. Eventually, he was charged with 57

counts of murder.

One point to note is that in a densely populated area like New York City, in an area with proper and accurate birth, death and other relevant records, the case of a missing child would be of highest priority. However, in the South American countries where Lopez thrived, population records were not as accurate, orphans and homeless children could disappear without the slightest suspicion of foul play. All one has to do is look at modern day countries like Brazil, where young children roam homeless in the streets, unaccounted for by the local government. Their underground existence leaves them vulnerable to abductors, rapists and killers.

Despite the severity of the crimes, Lopez was sentenced to life in prison for multiple homicides. The details of his short trial are not known. While Lopez is technically eligible for parole, his release would automatically trigger an arrest for other outstanding charges.

Why this madman wasn't taken to the slaughter house and executed may never be known. Perhaps the legal system of Ecuador realized that sentencing a man to rot in a filthy jail is more punishing than executing him in a basement. In any case, this demon will never be free to roam the streets again.

It Was the Best of Times: The Conclusion of Ralph

By Verwayne Greenhoe

It Was the Best of Times ...

The next couple of months were rather enjoyable. Ralph seemed to be a regular visitor to the base and even provided us with some comic relief. We had a number of volunteer first-aiders who stayed with us so as to gain some experience and as word got around about the spooky events, a few of them elected not to stay over night any more.

Of course, I didn't help things out much one night as we were settling in for bed. Our volunteers slept on some real comfortable cots in the main room and we always had the radio playing. One night, we had two young guys staying who had asked literally hundreds of questions about Ralph. Everyone wanted to see the hearing aide that I had always carried with me since the day of the tragedy and these guys were no different.

They had asked us in about eight different sets of wording exactly what Ralph looked like and did we think he would hurt us. Steve and I were the only ones who knew what happened to Randy and we intended to keep it that way. We always told visitors that Ralph appeared to be a benevolent spirit whose sole goal was to repay the kindnesses given to him that terrible day. Most people who believed in Ralph also believed in the theory we put forth.

We almost had the volume of the radio turned down to a setting so low that it was there, but not obtrusive enough to keep us awake. That was the case the night the two young interns were at the base. You know how radio stations fade out then come back in or come in real strong and then fade back? It doesn't happen much now that we have digital tuners but back in the days of dial tuners, it was a common occurrence. That's exactly what happened that night.

I happened to be in the kitchen making sure the goofy cat we had hanging around the base had water and food when I heard the volume fade. Without even really thinking about it, I hollered into the room for Ralph to turn the volume back down. I followed that with a quick explanation that since he didn't have his hearing aide, he needed the volume

up. About two seconds after my explanation, the volume fell back to normal again.

Now even I seriously doubt that Ralph had a damn thing to do with that but it took about twelve seconds for our interns to be up, dressed and on their way out the door. It was hilarious and Steve and I were up for a couple of hours laughing and laughing about that. We called a couple of other bases to fill them in on what had just happened. Medics have a weird sense of humor you see. We never saw those two guys again but we still talked about them for years.

Then there was the time my future wife, her friend, and I went to Colorado for an emergency medical services seminar. It was a three-day seminar but we had planned to be in the Rockies an extra three days so the girls could ski. I valued my bones too much to ski and spent my time around the hotel game room. Upon our arrival at the hotel—15,000 feet above sea level—we realized the air was much thinner than we were accustomed and we were panting after hauling our luggage up to the room.

Elaine had been the last person in the room and she lay on her back trying to catch her breath from the walk. She had left the room door wide open but we didn't care right then; we were too winded. As our breathing returned to normal several minutes later, she asked if I had brought the hearing aide.

I reached into my pocket and pulled it out. "I don't go any where without my good luck piece," I said as I waved it above my head.

"Do you think he came with us?" she asked. About the time she asked that, the big, heavy fire door of the room moved across the heavy shag rug and shut tight. There had been no breeze; someone or something had shut that door. I told her that right there was her answer.

County Fairs and Bar Fights

For another couple of years, I never went anywhere without the hearing aide. Lots of things happened and we always knew Ralph was with us. My fiancé and I married and vacationed in the southern

warmth and Ralph was there. I had some surgery just three months following the birth of our first child and my wife told me she knew he was there. There were many times we just knew he was there.

When I used to tell this story, folks would ask me how we knew he was there because they just didn't believe in spirits. It was hard to really answer because a skeptic doesn't want to be proven wrong. They want you to be proven wrong, that's the nature of a skeptic. We could tell them about the times that something misplaced suddenly reappeared in a place you knew you couldn't have missed before.

We could tell them about the time we were at the local county fair and our car just stopped. The guy behind us happened to be a neighbor and he offered to stop and help. Within moments of his pulling alongside, the car started as if there never had been anything wrong with it. I allowed him to go in front of me and I followed him out. We made it about three miles north of the fairgrounds and a giant pickle-hauling truck lost its brakes and rolled right on out into the intersection, killing him and his entire family. I had just enough time to avoid major contact in the accident but still it spun my car down an embankment.

People would listen to that and laugh. Coincidence they would say. You believe because you want to believe. I heard all of those excuses and more. I wanted to tell them I believed because I knew Ralph had a hand in it but after a couple of humiliating situations, I decided to just forget the argument. Of course, I would never tell them about the time Ralph kept me from being killed.

It was a bitter, bitter February Saturday night, just shortly after bar closing. We had gotten a call for a man being beaten in the adjacent parking lot. There is nothing worse than a domestic dispute and although this fight was between three men, they were all related and it centered around a family fight that had begun the Sunday before. The cold and the drink had done nothing to calm tempers.

We pulled on the scene and

saw one guy staggering around and my partner went to his aid. It turned out that that guy was just plain plowed and was vomiting like a fire hydrant. I went to the guy lying on the asphalt. His mouth was an ocean of blood and I counted at least four teeth on the pavement. It appeared they had beaten him repeatedly in the face with a large flashlight. I thought to myself that it was a lucky thing he was drunk because that had to have hurt like hell.

I was kneeling alongside this guy, intent on clearing the blood clots and vomit from his mouth when I heard his voice. "Look out! Get up!" The few skeptics I did tell this story asked me how I knew it was Ralph speaking to me. That was easy. I had spoken with him alive and after he died, I knew the voice. Besides, none of the other people saw the shotgun until it went off.

Weebles Wobble and Sometimes Get Shot

I heard the voice as if he had been standing directly beside me and for all I know, he was. All I know is he saved my life. I recognized the voice and I recognized the urgency in his command. The human brain is an odd thing. All of those thoughts of recognition and the thoughts that followed after I had been shot occurred in fractions of a second. All I did was obey that urgent command.

When I stood and looked up, I saw the man coming straight at us, a shotgun hidden behind him like a good quarterback hides the football on a diversion play. He was wobbling toward us but he was wobbling at a damn fast pace. Now exactly why I couldn't get a shout out of my lungs is still not clear to me and my partner seems to think that had I yelled, he would have shot me on purpose. All he had in mind was shooting his brother-in-law, but he missed him clean.

Me on the other hand ... ah yes. He pulled out the shotgun and took hurried aim. He was a mere 10 feet from me and had he not been dead drunk plastered, he could have hit him from his hip. Just as he pulled the trigger, his drunkenness caught up with him and he dropped his aim about two feet. He missed his intended victim but those pellets and several hundred chards of asphalt came charging up from the pavement and right into me.

Now the one thing I will admit that the skeptics ask about and believe was when I described the effect of being shot. I didn't really

feel it at first. It felt as if I had been shoved back by some unseen bully and it took a fraction of a second for my brain to register that I had been shot. What followed was a rich burning sensation much as waking up on the beach severely sunburned. Trust me, it burned.

Now I had no idea at that very moment the true extent of my injuries. It was about two above zero that night with a steady 15-mile-per-hour wind. The crowd came rushing over to the shooter who had found himself sprawled on his back several feet from the massive recoil of the 12-gauge he touched off. They held him down and some were punching him while I just stood there, taking a mental inventory of what had happened.

The state police were already on the scene and within moments they had the crowd off the shooter and had him in the squad car. A second ambulance had pulled up for reasons I wasn't aware but it was just fine with me right then. They asked me who needed help yet and I pointed to the guy still on the ground gagging on blood clots and they jumped right on him and had him loaded in a matter of seconds. I, on the other hand, was still standing there.

I have had people ask why no one knew I had been shot and that is easily explained. It was very cold and therefore there was damn little bleeding. Slowly I realized I needed to get to the hospital and I walked over to the police cruiser and told the officer I was going to walk the one block down to the emergency room to be checked out. He began to tell me I couldn't leave and he wouldn't allow me to leave. I can't remember exactly what I told him but it was along the lines of, "Sir, I'm bleeding to death."

And I was right. No one really did notice in the hubbub going on that I had walked on down the street. I walked into the emergency room where all the nurses knew me and began to mumble to them that I was hurt. At first, I know they thought I was messing with them, but as I took off my heavy jacket and then my uniform shirt, it was obvious. There were tiny little dots of blood forming on the skin as the warm air hit it. Someone helped me pull the t-shirt off and it was easy to see all the perforations in my abdomen. The last thing I remember is the nurses fighting my hefty body onto the stretcher and pulling my underwear. My last and only thought

was, "Oh man, I know these girls."

When I next regained consciousness I had more noise going in the background than your average construction site. I had several intravenous lines in place and I was stiff in all sorts of places. My wife was right there when I opened my eyes and began to talk to me. My wife was a nurse so she had an idea of what was going on. She was scared for me, but she also understood.

It took a while but I regained my bearings. She told me they had taken about 450 pieces of asphalt, pellets and dirt out of my body. My legs alone had over 100 pieces, some as big as a child's marble. I know because they saved them for me. My guts ached terribly. She told me that my intestines had been shredded and I had been lucky they had found the gastro specialist as quick as they had. I lost nearly 20 feet of small intestine and with the skills of that gastro guy, I never really had any problems after it healed.

She began to ask me what had happened and I motioned her closer. She put her ear to my mouth and I whispered "Ralph" and she understood. Like I said, the average guy hears me telling this story as Ralph saved my life and they ask if I think the 64-day stay I had in the hospital was a favor. My reply has always been that it was better than a three day stay in a funeral home. That gets them every time. If I had not stood up just as I did, the pellets and debris that came flying up would have caught me full in the face. I know because I later re-enacted it. I took the measure of where I was actually hit from bottom to top and then knelt as I had been kneeling before. The first debris would have caught me about heart high and the worst of it would have torn my face off. Sometimes you measure luck in a different scale.

It took me three days to regain consciousness and another day to regain my sense of humor. I was talking with my wife when a nurse entered the room. At that moment, an important question came to me. With all of that flying shrapnel, had my ... ahhhhh, shall we say, manhood been hurt? The nurse looked at me and was about to answer when my wife told me it had been the sole region of my body that had escaped mutilation when I was hit. "Well blimey, at least I still have something to play with while I am here recuperating!" The nurse lost it in laughter and my wife smiled because now she knew I was going to be all right.

Southern Philippine Rebellion

Philippine officials say 31 people were killed and over two dozen injured after fierce fighting broke out between government soldiers and Muslim rebels in the southern port city of Zamboanga in November 27, 2001.

The rebels, belonging to the Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF), abducted over 100 civilians in the village of Cabatangan after a failed rebellion in Jolo island that also left dozens of civilians dead. They used the civilians as "human shields" against ground and air attacks by Philippine troops, but many of the hostages were later executed by their captors after the 48-hour surrender deadline for the rebels expired.

The rebels were trying to stop the election of a new set of officials for the Autonomous Region in Muslim Mindanao after their leader Nur Misuari was suspended as ARMM governor after the Jolo attack and faced rebellion charges.

Misuari was arrested in Malaysia where he fled after the Jolo attack. He said the government's decision to push through with the ARMM elections violated a peace deal the MNLF signed with Manila in September 1996.

The hostages -- 55 men, 25 women and nine children -- were freed by rebels in exchange for a safe passage to Basilan and Jolo islands.



Speed Kills: in Mexico



Russian Show-Off Flips Truck

When this driver tried to do a 360-degree spin in his car, he ended up underneath a truck



Bus Vs. Tram in Austria

VIENNA, Austria: A collision involving a shopping mall shuttle bus and a public transportation tram in Vienna killed two children and injured 17 people, police said Sunday.

A 4-year-old and a 16-year-old died in the accident Saturday evening, and a 15-year-old suffered a severe skull fracture, police said in a statement.

The others injured in the accident were treated for lesser, unspecified injuries, the Austria Press Agency reported, citing authorities. At least five of them were in the tram, which collided with the bus in the Floridsdorf district in the northern part of the city.

The bus, operated by a private company, was on a route shuttling shoppers between a subway station and a shopping mall. Its driver, who suffered facial lacerations and shock, told police he noticed the tram, coming from his left, too late and tried to accelerate to get away from the tracks when he saw it, APA reported.

The tram driver braked, but couldn't bring the streetcar to a stop before it crashed into the bus. The tram driver was among those injured. Trams have the right of way at the intersection where the accident occurred



A Shot Philippine Officer



Sickengly Strange Suicide

In November of 1977, this woman was visiting one of her daughters, who had just given birth at the local hospital. As she left, she suddenly decided to lie down between the front and rear wheels of a parked truck. When the truck moved, it cut her in two- the extreme pressure made the heart-lung block explode from below her chin. Her still-beating heart was found on the ground several meters away from the rest of the body.

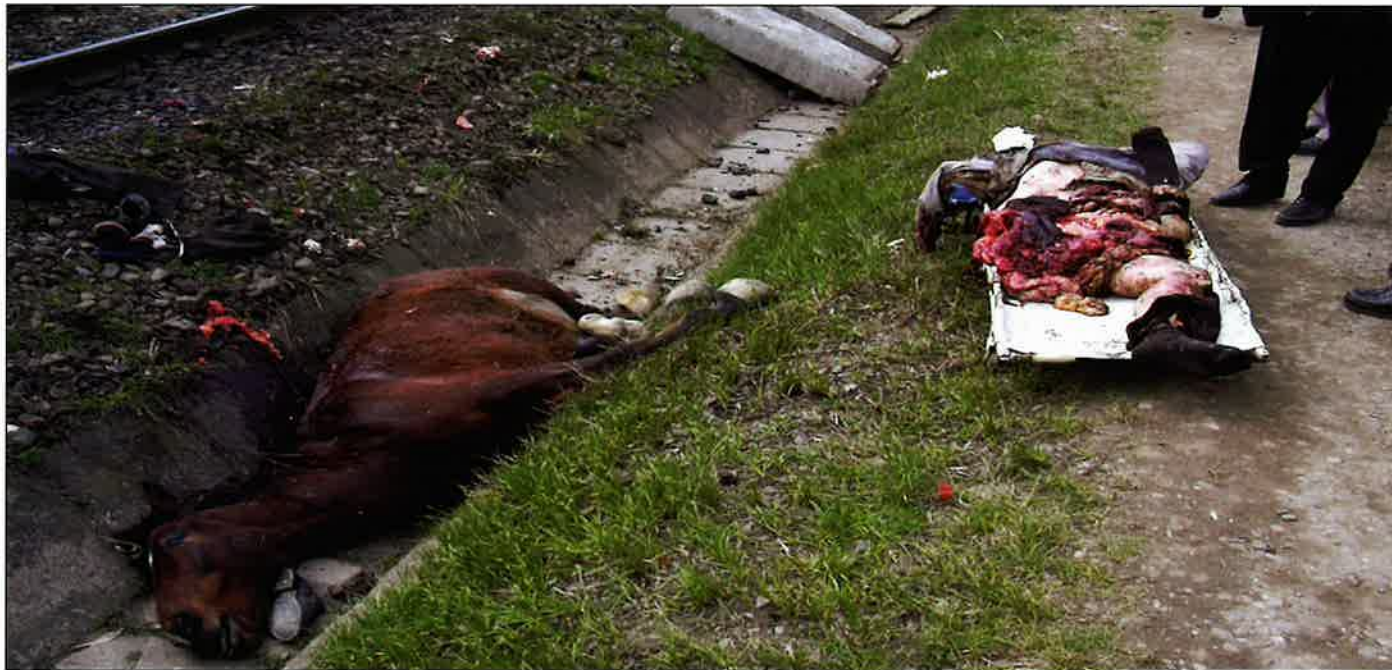
In the second picture you can see her liver slowly slipping towards a nearby gutter.



Horse and Rider Vs. Train

This equine and its rider weren't paying attention while crossing train tracks. Romania, March 2005





Decomposing Body in Pakistan

The body of a female- likely a victim of a murder- found three weeks after death.



Stove Explosion Victim

A stove explosion caused by a gas leak delivered this woman to an autopsy table in Mexico.

